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For The Child's Paper.

#### WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?

"I have a question which I wish each of the girls in my class to ask herself," said Miss Darley. "What is it?" inquired Mary, a bright-eyed little girl who was listening eagerly. "Commence to-day by saying, 'What good can I do?' and then, when you find there is something for you to do, as there surely is for every one who is willing, do not hesitate, but do it at once."

Mary was still thinking of what her teacher had said when she reached home. She had a library-book which pleased her very much, and had just become interested in it, when she heard her little brother Charlie crying. "It would be right to go and see what ails him; but if I do, may-be I shall have to be with him all the afternoon, and I shall miss reading my nice story-book; but would it not be doing good? Yes, it would. I will go at once." So Mary hastened to Charlie. He had fallen down, and there was a bruise on his temple. Mary bathed it in cold water, and told the child a little story of which he was fond, and he soon stopped crying. "Tell it to me again," Mary did so for the third time. "Now I will go and see mamma," he said, feeling quite well and happy.

Mary returned to her book, but it was too dark to read. Soon the tea-bell rang. After tea Mary went to church, so the book had to be given up for that night. But did Mary feel unhappy? No. She said, "I can read the book some other time. I am glad I helped Charlie. It was doing good only a very little; but I have begun, and I will try and do more to-morrow."

Will not all the children ask the same question, "What good can I do?" and then each one try to

do the first thing that he or she can. If they would all do so, how much good they might do in the course of a year. What happy men and women they would make. Think of it—a whole lifetime spent in doing good. When will you begin? *Now* is the best time. M. J. H.

*Must* is a hard master, both at home and at school," said a little boy; "but he makes me mind, and that, I know, in the end is good for me." Little boys, and girls too, would be very troublesome, both to themselves and others, without Master *Must* to control them.



#### SPRING.

Oh, 'tis spring, 'tis the beautiful spring,  
And the trees are all blooming around,  
And see how the tender young grass  
Spreads over the face of the ground.

The birds are all building their nests,  
And can scarce spare a moment to eat,  
Yet they now and then stop on the spray,  
And pour forth a carol most sweet.

The sheep are released from the fold  
To nibble their delicate meal,  
While the lambkins, as merry as May,  
Are gambolling over the hill.

Every creature that lives is at work,  
To provide for the season to come;  
And he must be tilling the ground  
Who would have loaded wagons go home.

Then I will be idle no more,  
But study as hard as I can,  
And a good stock of knowledge lay up  
To use when I've grown to a man.

And as this is the spring of my life,  
The seeds of all goodness I'll sow,  
That as fast as my years shall increase,  
In my heart every virtue may grow.



For The Child's Paper.

## STEPHEN'S BIBLE VERSE.

What was it?

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." What does it mean, Amy?" asked Stephen.

Amy lifted up her eyes from her book, for they were both reading at the table, and thought a moment. "It means," said she presently—"it means—" Amy stopped. "I know, but I cannot tell."

"That is just like you, Amy," said Stephen. "What is like me?" asked Amy. "Beginning, and not ending," answered Stephen. "Is it?" said Amy humbly. "It means, Stephen"—she tried, and stopped again.

"Mother, what does this verse mean?" asked Stephen, turning his back to Amy. "What is it?" "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

"It means," replied his mother, "that God will not listen to us when we pray to him, if he is displeased with us; and he is displeased with us just as much when we harbor wrong *thoughts*, as when we do wrong *actions*. A boy was once walking down street, and he saw a basket of oranges setting at a store door. He thought that in going by he would put out his hand slyly and grab one. That, you see, was having iniquity in his heart. He had not done any thing wrong; he was only meaning to as soon as he had a chance."

"And did he?" asked Amy.

"When he reached the store, and was just ready to snatch one, he happened to see a man standing inside the door. So he put his hand in his pocket and walked on, looking as innocent as could be. Now was there any thing wrong in the boy's actions?" asked mother. Amy shook her head. "Yes," said Stephen.

"No, not in his actions," said mother. "He did not steal the orange. He went by just as he ought to. Was there any thing wrong in his looks?"

"No," said Stephen. "I should think he would have looked a little guilty," said Amy. "What for?" asked Stephen; "he had done nothing to be ashamed of."

"Was there any thing wrong in his heart?" asked mother. Both children answered "Yes" to that.

"Now," said mother, "if you have any idea of doing wrong, or if you are keeping any thing in your heart which you think is perhaps wrong, God sees it; it is 'iniquity in your heart,' and he will not hear your prayers on account of it. It is better to give up all such iniquity, and resolve to do right; then God will hear you, and take care of you, and keep you safe and happy."

While mother was speaking, Stephen thought of something. He put his hand in his pocket, and felt round among the twine, knife, slate-pencils, marbles, and I do not know what, which fills up a boy's pocket. At last he found what he was after, and held it tight in his hand. When mother stopped, Stephen got up and walked round the room. He fetched his new puzzle to the table, which made Amy shut up her book.

"Amy, have you lost any thing?" asked Stephen. "My three-cent piece, you know, Stephen; I never found it." "Should you know it if you saw it?" asked Stephen. "Oh yes," said Amy, "because it had a hole in it, and I hung it round my neck, and that is the way I lost it."

Stephen drew his hand from his pocket, and held up something between his fingers. "Is that it?" he asked. Amy took it in her hand. It was a three-cent piece with a hole in it. "It looks like mine, Stephen," said Amy. "I thought I lost it in the garden." "There is where I found

it," said Stephen. "When?" asked the little girl. Ah, that Stephen did not quite like to tell, for he picked it up the day before, and *had kept it*.

Stephen had been trying to feel that he did not believe it was Amy's, and that, since he had picked it up, it was as much his as anybody's; but I am afraid he was "regarding iniquity in his heart," for as soon as his mother began to explain his verse, the three-cent piece felt very heavy in Stephen's pocket. It weighed down just like stolen property. It was almost bed-time, and he was pretty sure God would not hear his evening prayer if it stayed there.

Stephen felt sorry that he had not given it to Amy directly on finding it; but he did the next best thing. As soon as he saw his conduct by the clear light of this verse, Stephen determined not to keep it another moment; and he was not so happy in all the twenty-four hours as when it was fairly out of his hands and in Amy's possession again. I am sure, when Stephen knelt down that night, he prayed, "Forgive us our sins; lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," more feelingly than ever before.

K.



For The Child's Paper.

## ACTING A LIE.

It is wicked to *tell* a lie; almost every boy and girl knows that. But it is quite as wicked to *act* a lie. Act a lie! How can folks act lies? I will tell you. Have you read the story of little Joseph in the Bible? His brothers had a good many sheep and goats to take care of, and there was not enough grass for them around home; so they took their flocks to pasture a great way off. At last Jacob their father wished to know how his sons were; so he sent Joseph to see. Joseph was always ready to do what his father wished. He put on his new coat, and bidding his dear father good-by, set out on his way.

Do you remember what happened? When he came to the spot where his brothers were, instead of being glad to see him, they took him and sold him for a slave to a company of traders going by. Poor boy, poor boy! Then what did they do? Would they dare let their father know what they had done? No, indeed. They killed one of their young goats, and dipped Joseph's new pretty coat in the blood. "We will show our father this bloody coat," they said; so they carried the coat home all covered with blood.

Old Jacob had been thinking of his sons while they were gone. How glad he must have been when he heard the bleating of their sheep, and knew they had come home. He looked to see whether Joseph was with them; but no. His sons came up to him. In their hands they held a bloody coat. They showed it to Jacob, and said, "We have found this. Is it your son's coat, or not?" Jacob knew it was Joseph's coat, and he said, "It is my son's coat; a lion or bear has eaten him up, and has torn Joseph to pieces."

How poor Jacob wept for his darling child!

He refused to be comforted. Ah, those wicked brothers first had envied and sold Joseph, then *acted this lie* to hide their sin. It was a make-believe to deceive their poor old father. Never make-believe, except when you are in your plays, and nobody is really deceived by it. Make-believe is a lying spirit, which it is not safe to harbor for a moment.

For The Child's Paper.

## HOW JASPER LOST HIS KNIFE.

Jasper and Lucy went with their mother to pay aunt Lucy a visit. It was two hours' ride in the cars. The children enjoyed the ride, and aunt Lucy was very glad to see them. After they had taken off their things and talked a little while, Jasper got up and looked out of the window. "May I not go out in the front of the house?" asked Jasper. "Oh, yes," said aunt Lucy. "Be careful, Jasper, where you go and whom you speak to," said his mother.

"Do you not want to go with Jasper, Lucy?" asked aunt Lucy, kissing the little girl; "little folks like to see all they can." "I had rather stay here," said Lucy. Lucy was sitting quietly on the sofa, quite pleased to stay in the house and hear her mother and auntie talk. She saw some pretty books on the table, which she thought by-and-by aunt Lucy would let her look at. There was a kitty, too, which put her head in at the door. Seeing company, it went back. Aunt Lucy had no children, but she loved little children dearly.

Where was Jasper? Jasper walked up street to where a couple of little dogs were playing. A boy was sitting on some timber watching them. He was a nicely-dressed little boy. Jasper looked at the boy, and the boy looked at Jasper. "Are these your dogs?" asked Jasper. "One is," said the boy, "the dog with black ears. Oh, he is so quick to learn." The little boy called his

dog, and good-naturedly showed Jasper some of his tricks. Jasper sat down on the timber beside him, and pretty soon they talked as freely together as if they had been long acquainted.

Jasper was a sociable little fellow, and was very apt to get up sudden intimacies. Jasper wanted to show his new friend his two-bladed knife. He picked up a stick, and emptying his pocket on the boards, found his knife, and began to open it. "That is a handsome knife," said the boy. "Isn't it, though?" said Jasper; "and it is one of the best in the world. My uncle George gave it to me for a birthday present." Jasper showed him how well it whittled. "Let me take it," said the boy. Jasper let him.

Both little dogs now jumped on the boards, and scattered the things which Jasper had left out of his pocket. "Call your dog off," cried Jasper angrily. "Prince, Prince!" cried the boy, jumping up and running round a corner as fast as he could go. "My knife! Give me my knife!" shouted Jasper. But the boy did not stop. "Give me my knife!" cried Jasper, running round the corner after him. A pile of bricks tripped Jasper up, and by the time he was on his legs again, a little bewildered and stunned by the fall as well as the strange conduct of the boy, the boy and his dog were out of sight.

"Oh, here comes Jasper," said aunt Lucy, hearing the front door open. "Where have you been, my son?" asked his mother, for his new jacket and pants were spotted with mortar, and his face looked angry and excited. Poor Jasper could hardly speak. "What is the matter?" asked aunt Lucy anxiously. "I have met with the ugliest boy that ever was," cried Jasper indignantly—"a boy that has stolen my two-bladed knife uncle George gave me." Aunt Lucy lifted up her hands in astonishment.



"Yes, and I will send a policeman after him, I will," cried Jasper. Jasper was too much excited to tell a straight story, so mother waited until he became more quiet.

"How did it happen, Jasper?" she asked. He told her. "I am not so very sorry," she said gravely. "Not sorry, mother?" said Lucy. "No," said mother, "because Jasper has learned a lesson worth more than the knife." "I do not see how that can be," said the little boy. "You have often been cautioned against being too free with strangers," said his mother, "and now you see the necessity of being on your guard." "I didn't expect to meet such bad boys at my aunt Lucy's," cried Jasper; "I did not know this boy was bad; he was so pleasant." "No, you did not," said his mother; "but you knew he was a *stranger*. It is a sudden familiarity with strangers, not with bad boys only, I have told you so many times to avoid." Jasper looked pretty sober.

"I do not doubt you were actuated by feelings of kindness and good-will, Jasper," said his mother; "so you were not much to blame, only you have learned something by a hard experience which you could not have learned so thoroughly any other way." "Yes," said Jasper, "but if it only was not by losing my beautiful knife uncle George gave me. I hope he will never ask after it."

"We all have to lose something by the injustice and selfishness of other people," said his mother. "Young men often lose large sums of money by trusting strangers, and fancying they are friends because they appear friendly; and they have lost good names by it also. People may appear good-natured and pleasant, and yet be bad. Be polite and kind to strangers; but a sudden familiarity I hope you will always guard against, and so avoid more serious losses." "I shall remember this as long as I live," said Jasper. K.



For The Child's Paper.

Ah, ah! the children have found an owl. It is the little barn owl, I reckon, which likes the shelter and safety of a roof over its head. I hope George means it no harm. He has a club in his hand, to be sure; but he is too generous and manly to use it on the back of a poor bird; and as for killing it, of course he knows better than that. It does not do much harm. Instead of that, it will catch all the mice in the barn. It has a right to life as much as George has, and God is displeased whenever his poor dumb creatures are cruelly treated or wantonly killed. I am sure

the world is big enough for owl and I, or owl and George; isn't it?

Owls are night birds; they see best in the dark. They are greedy creatures. A big owl has been known to swallow a young rabbit whole. Sometimes they catch fish and clams. I have heard they could be trained to make excellent mousers. However, they will hardly take pussy's place, I think.

I saw a horned owl the other day, and was surprised to find it had no horns at all. The horns were nothing more than tufts of feathers over its big ears. They looked like horns, to be sure. It was a big bird, and sat upon its perch looking as wise as could be. It is sometimes, on account of its size and courage, called the "eagle of the night."

Their nests are not built with much care—a few sticks piled together, lined with dry leaves, to hold three or four white eggs.

They have hooting, screeching voices, not very pleasant to hear; but it is their way; yet if we like robin or bob-o-link best, owls cannot find fault.

For The Child's Paper.

## SUSY'S LAST DOLLAR.

"I have brought you Susy's last dollar," said Sophronia with tears in her eyes, "to send some Child's Papers to children who do not have any." Susy was one of our dear little readers. She always took the paper, and prized it. Susy was the darling of a Christian home, and the delight of many a friend outside of home. Her bright eyes were windows out of which looked as happy a heart as God ever put in a little body. But Jesus wanted her in his fold, and not long ago he sent Sickness and Pain to bring her.

One day she said to Sophronia, "I am too wicked to go to heaven. Jesus will not want me there."

"Jesus will forgive you, Susy," said her sister. "When you do naughty, and are sorry, and you ask mother to forgive you, you know she forgives you. Just so Jesus will forgive you, sister."

Susy thought a minute; she thought a great many minutes. "It is all plain now," said the little girl. The moment "mother" became linked with Jesus' forgiving love, it all came within the reach of the little one's experience, and Jesus was no longer far off, but near her, very near. "He will let me groan, won't he?" asked Susy, when pain was hard to bear. "I try to be patient."

It was not many days before Susy's pains were over, and Jesus took her to his own bosom in heaven. K.

For The Child's Paper.

## FOOLISH FEARS.

In a pleasant orchard some children were playing under the shady trees. A little boy suddenly set up a terrible scream, and kept screaming; and when the older people came to see what was the matter, he jumped up and down, as if in dreadful agony. A wasp must have flown into his bosom. But every one was afraid to touch him, lest the cruel insect might sting him more severely.

With much care, however, his jacket and vest were opened; and what do you suppose they found? A wasp? a serpent? a spider? No, no; a little piece of dried leaf that had fallen into his bosom from the tree.

All laughed at him heartily, and as you may suppose, the boy looked very much ashamed and mortified. I think perhaps he had rather have been stung a little than to have shown that he made so much ado about nothing.



For The Child's Paper.

WHEN we sit by our own bright, warm coal fires, let us sometimes think of the poor pit-men who dig out the coal for us. In England, the coal-mines, or coal-pits as they are called, are very deep and far underground. Hundreds of boys and men are at work in them, hoisted down and up morning and night; while many *live* there, never or seldom coming up to daylight, for of course there is no daylight in the pits. They are lighted by lamps; no blue sky, no fresh, pure air, no green grass, no dandelion or butter-cups blooming. I should be quite loath to spend my days in a coal-pit.

Besides, the pit-men are liable to terrible accidents. Sometimes the ground overhead falls in and buries them up; sometimes water suddenly bursts out and drowns them. Worst of all, the fire-damp explodes and sets a pit on fire. Fire-damp is a kind of gas or air which takes fire from the flame of a lamp; and so safety-lamps, covered with a fine network, are made on purpose to use in the pits.

Have you read the account of those terrible explosions which have lately taken place in some of the English pits? In one, four hundred men were killed. How did it happen? One of these explosions happened through *carelessness*. Oh, carelessness murders so many, many people. Remember, if you are careless, children, you have a murderer at your elbow. A man took a *common* lamp, and went into a part of the pit where he had no business to go without a *safety*-lamp. He *did not think*, I suppose. Well, it cost him his life, and the lives of all his pit-mates. Think of the trouble of people overhead, the wives and children of the poor pit-men, when they know something dreadful has happened underground. They crowd to the mouth of the pit, crying with fright and anxiety.

Here a poor boy has been rescued. He looks half-dead. His father has got him in his arms. Poor little fellow! Be thankful, boys, that you have work which the sun shines on.

"EVERY day we are shocked by cases of enormous dishonesty and injustice. Something is wholly wrong. Is not the *school* partly in fault? Are lessons in honesty and justice constantly given in the schools by example and by precept? If not, they surely ought to be."





## THE LITTLE BOY.

Here is a little boy;  
Look at him well;  
Think if you know him;  
If you do, tell.  
I will describe him,  
That you may see  
If he is a stranger  
To you and to me.

He has two hands  
That can manage a top,  
And climb a tall chestnut  
To make the nuts drop.  
They're just full of business,  
With ball, hoop, and swing,  
Yet are never too busy  
To do a kind thing.

He has two feet  
That can run up and down,  
Over the country,  
And all about town.  
I should think they'd be tired—  
They never are still—  
But they're ready to run for you  
Whither you will.

He has two eyes  
Always busy and bright,  
And looking at something  
From morning to night.  
They help him at work,  
They help him at play,  
And the sweet words of Jesus  
They read every day.

He has two ears:  
Oh, how well he can hear  
The birds as they sing,  
And the boys as they cheer.  
They are out on the common,  
And for him they call;  
But one word from his mother  
He hears first of all.

He has a tongue  
That runs like a sprite;  
It begins in the morning  
As soon as the light.  
It's the best little tongue  
You can anywhere find,  
For it always speaks truth,  
And it always is kind.

He has a heart  
That is happy and gay,  
For Jesus is king there  
The whole of the day.  
The Lord's little servant  
He's trying to be.  
Is this boy a stranger  
To you and to me?

For The Child's Paper.

## THE SPECKLED HEN AND THE HORSE.

I went to walk in the country one day. It was down a green lane. The green lane led to a great pasture. Only one horse was in the pasture, a noble, gentle-looking horse. There were no cows to keep him company; no lambs either. Was he in the great pasture all alone? Not quite alone; he had one companion. Who do you think it was? A speckled hen. Whenever he stepped after more grass, she went too. Whenever she

THE LORD IS RISEN. WORGAN.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Hal - - - - le - - lu - jah! Sons of men and  
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Hal - - - - le - - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the

an - gels say: Hal - - - - le - - lu - jah! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high,  
vic - t'ry won: Hal - - - - le - - lu - jah! Je - sus' - ag - o - - ny is o'er,

Hal - - - - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply; Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!  
Hal - - - - le - lu - jah! Dark-ness veils the earth no more; Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ has opened paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

N. B. The word Hallelujah may be sung by a full chorus, and the rest by a quartette or semi-chorus.

ran after a lively bug, he followed after. So, you see, they kept together. Sometimes she said, "Cluck, cluck," and sometimes he put his big honest nose right against her funny little face. It looked funny beside his. What if his great hard hoof should tread on her? He looked out for that; he stepped so carefully.

I thought how wise it was for a little speckled hen, alone in the world, to choose such a trusty companion. No sly fox would come and steal her; no greedy hawk could swoop her off; no spiteful dog would think of biting her. Nobody could take advantage of her in such good company as that. She did not try to march big through the world, equal to anybody, and afraid of nobody. No, she knew there were enemies around her; and how could she, a little speckled hen, expect to keep out of harm's way without a faithful friend to look up to for protection? So she made friends with the horse; and the horse, seeing the poor little thing quite alone in the world, did not think it beneath him to befriend her. "I will look after her," he said. "My pasture will be all the sweeter for having somebody to enjoy it with me."

For The Child's Paper.

## A SLAVE TO NAUGHTY.

"Mother," said a little boy, "Wicked puts his chain right round me inside, and I can't break it and be good when I want to." "You must fight Wicked, and not let him put his chain round you and make you his slave," said mother.

"But what if it is round," said the little boy, "and I don't want it at all, at all?" "The Lord Jesus will help you break it, Eddy," replied his mother. "He came on purpose to help every little boy and girl break the chains of sin. He will set you free, and keep you free, if you come to him and pray to him for help."

"Oh, mother, if I could only see him," said Eddy.

"If I am in the next room, you can speak to me and I can answer you, Eddy, can't I?" "Yes," said Eddy; "and is Jesus as near as that, mother?" "Nearer, Eddy." "Then I will call," cried

Eddy, "for I must have his help. I do not want to be a slave to Naughty, and I will not be a slave to Naughty. I will fight and call, and call and fight." *That is the way;* and as the hymn says,

"The battle ne'er give o'er"

until Naughty, Wicked, and Sin, are conquered, one and all.

"I'll tell your mother of you," said one little girl to another.

"Tell her," answered Maggie; "you cannot tell her anything naughty of me that I don't tell her myself." That is right. Let every boy and girl tell mother when they do wrong, and I am sure they will not *keep* doing it.

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